A Pleasant

DIALOGUE

Betwixt

Honest John and loving Kate;

The Contrivance of their *Marriage*

and way how to Live.

Readers,

Her's a Loving Pair,
Shortly to be Married are,
Honest John *and Loving* Kate
To each other prove a Mate,
I wish them both in joy to live
Since heart to each the other give.

LONDON, Printed for *J. Clark*, *W. Thackery* and *T. Passinger*, 1685.

BRITISH MUSEUM

A pleasant

DIALOGUE.

Betwixt

Honest JOHN and loving KATE, The contrivance of their Wedding and way how to live.

John. GOod morrow my dear *Katy*, methinks thou lookest coy to day; what's the matter prethee.

Kate. *If I had been so at first to you I had been wiser.*

Jo. Why so?

Ka. *Because I find you flatter me.*

Jo. I scorn it, I am true to thee, in troth I am

Ka. *How shall I believe that, when every one you meet, you are courting and kissing them.*

Jo. Who told you these stories, truly I never kiss any one but in mirth, for I will never marry any but thee my love.

Ka. *I hear of your Roguery, that I do, pray what was that you said to Peg Ramskin 'tother day, did not you kiss her, and gripe her by the hand, and tell her you lov'd her dearly? and now she brags about the Town how she hath deceived me, the Devil take such love, if this be the love you have for me.*

Jo. Be not in such a passion, 'ile tell you how it was.

Ra. *I shall not hear you.*

Jo. Dear heart, hear me, by this kiss ile tell thee truth.

Ra. *Well then.*

Jo. In troth 'twas onely thus, I was going to the mill with Corn, and by the way, I met with *Pegg Ramskin*, good morrow *John* said she, her's a cold morning, a cup of Ale would do well, I think so too said I, faith *John* ile joyn my penny with thee, I was ashamed to deny her, so we went in and called for one pot, the jade was very kind and took me by the hand and shak't it, *John*, said she, I believe you are in love you are so dumpish, O yes said I, you look so lively this morning, I thought you would fain be kist, I pull'd her by the arm, and in troth she e'n fell upon me, this was all and does this bold slut report that I love her, hang her impudence, ile kick her next time, ile see how she likes that kind of Love.

Ra. *This is onely because I know it.*

Jo. I wish you would believe me, and not be thus jealous, pray be not so cruel to torment me thus, no whore of them all shall entice me from thee, O how I cou'd kick this jade.

Ra. *Well let this pass, but what was that you said to the Widdow, these stories* John *could not be raised of themselves.*

Jo. What gossiping slut troubles thee with these foleries, they do't to make difference.

Ra.

Ka. *Pray tell me truth of this also, and then I shall be satisfied.*

Jo. By this kiss I will my dear; I was in a place tother day drinking, and in came the Widdow *Cragg*, how now *John* said she, what will you dye a Batchellour? I think I must do so said I, for Maids are so coy, ther's no dealing with them, what think you of a widdow, they are more kind, will you have me said I, O *John* said she, you love to jest, I could do no less then kiss her, and so parted; when will ye come to my house *John* said she, what good cheer have you for a man said I, you shall have a cup of the best said she, and a good Gammon of Bacon: now thou knowest *Kate* I love Bacon well, and because I would not be seen with her alone, I took *Will Summers* with me, and spent six pence a piece, and did eat up half her Bacon, and when we were merry we kissed her; well Widdow, quoth I, I find now that widows are more kind than Maids, ile come again before the Bacon be gone, with all my heart said she and welcome: This was all truly my sweet love, and does the fool report? came a suiting to her, wanton whore, ile ne'r come within her doors more; I shall shun both Maids and widdows, unless in thy sight to make thee sport: but who tells thee these stories? prethee *Kate* tell me,

Ka. *You must excuse me.*

Jo. I will not urge but pray believe no more such

stories, for by my faith and troth I love thee, and if my year was up once, thou would find it so.

Ka. *Well* John *I must believe you.*

Jo. But dost thou forgive me.

Ka. *With all my heart.*

Jo. Pretty heart thou hast no gall in thee, do thou love me too?

Ka. *I do.*

Jo. Sweet soul give me thy hand, and say after me these few words. I love thee *John* most dearly.

Ka. *I love thee John most dearly.*

Jo. Pretty soul, and dost thou truly? methinks those words do sound so sweetly, that I must needs kiss thee for them; lets go somewhere and drink, and then we will talk.

Ka. *Whether should we go?*

Jo. Here's very good drink at the Kings Arms and this is Holy day, so that we need not fear Anger for staying, let's go in.

Ka. *What you will* John.

Jo. Have you any room here?

Host. *Pray walk in Sir.*

Jo. Bring hither some of your newest Cakes and a pot of your best Ale.

Host. *You shall have the best Sir,*

Jo. Come honey, prethee eat.

Ka. *I thank you* John.

Jo. Here's to thee my dear, and a fart for all thy wan

wanton Whores, thou shalt know I love thee,

Ra. *What shall be the sign thereof.*

Jo. I will marry thee my dear when my year is up, if thou wilt consent, what sayest thou, speak.

Ra. *I must consider of it.*

Jo. But what thinkest thou, is it not the best way to end all jealousies, and to make all Rascals and Sluts to leave their talking.

Ra. *I think it must be so at last, but truly you cannot blame me for believing these reports, when in a fortnight or more I have not seen you.*

Jo. Why heart I would see thee oftner, but that my Master would think I neglected his business, and besides, there is such flickering and laughing amongst the maids and children at your house when I come, as I am quite ashamed.

Ra. *Ashamed.*

Jo. Not of thee my Birds-ny, and sometimes I meet your Mistris and then I sneak, & I could run into an auger hole if possible,

Ra. *You being so bashful* John, *I wonder how you came first to woe me.*

Jo. Oh thy pretty charming eyes would force any man to speak.

Ra. *Don't flatter me.*

Jo. Thou knowest I don't let's talk now to the purpose, and observe the old proverb.

Ra. *What's that John.*

Jo. Blessed is the woeing, that is not long a

doing, tis half a year since we begun, I think tis time to make an end, is it not, prithee say true

Ka. *If we know how to live.*

Jo. How do other folks live.

Ka, *They bethink them before they marry.*

Jo. So will we, lets spend this day in contriving for we shall never have the like opportunity again, come lets walk a little if it be not too cold.

Ka. *Better being in the house, for I think it will rain.*

Jo. What thou wilt my sweet love, well dear heart how shall we live, what will thy friends give thee

Ka. *O are you come to that, I thought you would have taken me for love onely, and now to it what have you?*

Jo. Be not angry my dear, if thou hast not a smock to thy back I would have thee, but in knowing what each other hath, we shall know the better how to improve it, do thou the same by me.

Ka. *Truly I have but ten pounds my father left me, and that is in my Uncle Hodge's hands.*

Jo. Tis sure I hope.

Ka. *You need not doubt that, for he cannot keep it from me, and five pound I have gathered since I came to service, besides my Mistress owes me above half a years wages.*

Jo. O what a happy man shall I be, what a good housewife thou hast been, thou hast good clothes too,

Ka

Ka. *They will serve.*

Jo. Now Kate I will tell thee what I have, my Father gave me ten pounds when I came from him, and told me as I did improve that, he would give me more, and with my Masters leave, I have imployed it in his Vault-house, and have encreased it; besides my master doth owe me my wages ever since I came to him, he would not let me have it for fear I should play the ill husband, and if I please him I know he will give me something when I marry, and so will thy Mistris, will she not?

Ka. *I hope so too.*

Jo. Now for the best advantage, thy stock and mine together, will amount to something; and when we have concluded our marriage day, ile try if my Master will let me have a little house and ground thou knowest hard by William Jacksons, that will make a great house for us,

Ka. *And a great Rent too, what should we do with such a house, one Room will serve our turn.*

Jo. Ay to sleep in my dear.

Ka. *But what trade do you intend to drive?*

Jo. Give me leave and ile tell thee, and if thou wilt help me a little, it will be the better, for two heads are better than one, we must not take care only for sleeping places, but a place to get money in.

Ka. *How, that pleases me well to be getting of Money, for I love it dearly.*

Jo. I have almost broke my Brains with studying

nig

ing & contriving, but now I think I have hit out.

Ra. *Tis long coming out.*

Jo. If my master will let me have the house we will brue good Ale, and we will have mault of our own, for we'l keep a stock going in my Master's Mault-house, with his leave, and there is pasture enough to keep two beasts, and conveniences for hogs and poultery, so thou mayest have all things about thee, and keep a maid and live like a Lady.

Ra. *This will be brave indeed John, but what shall we do with our Ale.*

Jo. Sell it my sweet one; let me see, there are eight rooms in the house besides the Cellar, and with a little painting and a few benches it will be very fine, & a handsome sign to draw in company.

Ra. *What shall that be.*

Jo. The three fair maids, I think.

Ra. *Not for a hundred pound I would not have such a sign.*

Jo. Why prithee.

Ra. *Why man they'd think surely we kept a bawdy house.*

Jo What then shall we have, do you tell me?

Ra. *The three Fidlers I think and then they will judge they may have Musick.*

Jo. Thou hast pleas'd me mightily, but how dost like my motion and conceivance,

Ra. *Very well indeed, I thought you had not had so much in you.*

Jo

Jo. Oh ho *Kate*, though I am but a Clown, I am no fool I think, but how doſt thou like ſuch an imployment?

Ka. *Very well truly if it will not make thee an ill Husband.*

Jo. Thou pretty Pigeny thou, that word ſounds ſo finly out of thy mouth, that I muſt needs kiſs thee for it; be ſure my dear I ſhall mind my buſineſs and when I have drink always by me *I* ſhall not deſire it, only to drink a cup with thee in the morning.

Ka. *That will pleaſe me, for I love Ale very well but good lack, I ſhall grow as fat as a bear with drinking every day.*

Jo. No matter for that, thou wilt be the better to kiſs.

Ka. *I like all very well, but pray be ſpeedy, leaſt another take it before you, and get a Licenſe, for time runs away apace.*

Jo. *I* know he will not deny me to morrow I will move it to him & bring thee word, but a peſcods ont, I cant abide to be ſeen at your houſe.

Ka. *Cannot you meet me in the fields when I am milking my Kine.*

Jo. I will, that's well thought on.

Ka. *Well now, we had as good make an end ſince we have begun, what ſhall we make a money dinner, or not, that would help us well.*

Jo. Marry would it: doſt think thy miſtriſs will not let thee keep our Wedding at her houſe: Ka

Ka, *I doubt not but she will, for I have been a good servant to her though I say it.*

Jo. If she will do so, it will be a grace and advantage to us, and then I will invite my master & his Family, wilt thou then resolve to marry with me at Easter.

Ka. *It had as good be done and past, since it must be done at last.*

Jo. I think so too, but how shall we do to lay out the money for all things, for if we let the stock go, I shall fear the gathering of it together again but now I think on't, my credit is good.

Ka. *What shall we do for Clothes.*

Jo. In troth *Kate* we will save that money, those that we have will serve very well.

Ka, *I think so too.*

Jo. Only I will have a hat & a Gold ring for thee

Ka. *Who shall we bid to our Wedding.*

Jo. All who we can think of, the more the merrier

Ka. *What Musick shall we have.*

Jo, We will have old *Rowly* and his company.

Ka. *They will make a roaring noise.*

Jo. And they will sing well too, to please the young people; why dost laugh, does the thoughts of it please thee.

Ka. *I laugh to think how the young men will turn the Lasses about in dancing, and how they will buss them, methinks I see them already, but good lack how shall I do to behave my self at that time amongst*

amongst so many; I shall be so ashamed I shant know what to do.

Jo. Why prithee all people will adore thee that day, and I shall be woundy proud of thee my Dear to see thee sit as a Virgin-Bride, and I shall wait upon thee two that same day, as it is my duty.

Ka. *Is that the fashion.*

Jo, Yes my dear, hast thou never observed it at weddings.

Ka. *I shall observe my own the more, but you must not look towards me, for then I shall laugh and that will shame me quite.*

Jo. No my dear a smile sometimes will do well they'l think there's the more love.

Ka. *Must I dance too.*

Jo. Ay pretty one, every body will strive to dance with the Bride.

Ka. *Ide rather dance with thee John, than with them all.*

Jo. So thou shalt my dear.

Ka. *What Favours shall we give.*

Jo. Red and blew I think.

Ka. *They will look gloriously, but all this while who shall lead us to Church.*

Jo. Tom Sims, and *Roger Blackwel* shall lead thee, and *Mary Tomkins* and *Bess Ruglas* shall lead me.

Ka. *I shant be able to go along the street, the folk will so look at me.*

Jo.

Jo. No matter for their looking, 'ile warrant thee who ever sees thee will wish her self in the same condition, who are not married already.

Ba. *Will they think you.*

Jo. I faith i'll warrant you.

Ba. *Who shall marry us.*

Jo. Mr. Kimson.

Ba. *Oh dear he will keep such a do to have me speak out that I shant know what to do with my self*

Jo. Thou must not be ashamed my dear, for it is an honour to be a bride.

Ba. *Who shall be my Father to give me.*

Jo. Thou mayest ask *Jack Wheeler*, but I know he had rather had thee himself.

Ba. *Oh fie no, I will not ask him, he will take it for an affront, I will rather ask old father* Randol *for he us'd to call me Daughter, and he will take it kindly.*

Jo. Do then.

Ba. *Does it not make you ashamed to talk of these things.*

Jo. No I promise thee, I am proud of it, and so art thou I believe, but that thou wilt not confess it

Ba. *I would it were once over.*

Jo. So would I, i'd as live as a groat.

Ba. *Who shall make the Sack Posset.*

Jo. The Bride-maids will take care of that.

Ba. *Good lack they will keep such a do when they come in to eat it, and taking their leaves of us, and throwing the stocking, and one thing or other, that I shall wish them all far enough.*

Jo.

Jo. So shall I but we must lye the longer next morning.

Ba. *But I forgot one thing, who shall dress me.*

Jo. It is a thousand pities but thou shouldst marry, thou thinkest of every thing so, the Bridemaids my dear will dress thee.

Ba. *Where shall we lye the next night.*

Jo. In our own house that will be the best, and therefore we must furnish it before, and lay in some Ale, that we may be able to invite all the wedding people to drink with us, and then we will have good handsel indeed, and we will also have a good Gammon of Bacon, and that will make the drink go down merrily.

Ba. *What maid shall we have?*

Jo. We will have a lusty wench, who may be able to do our work, for fourty shillings the year we may have one.

Ba. *Now I think we have thought of every thing let's consider what time of the day it is.*

Jo. Will thy Mistris chide thee thinkst thou

Ba. *Ay and your Master too I believe if you do not make haste home.*

Jo. What's a Clock, not above six I trow.

Ba. *Loves Dial goes but slow, I believe it is six at the least, and then I shall be hanged.*

Jo. Alas poor thing hanged, call me and I will cut the Rope, what humors thy mistris of, she looks frowningly.

Ba.

Ka. *Truly she is very good when she is pleased but she is develish peevish, she will fret and fum sometimes for a very small matter.*

J. SI that the goodness, the Devil's good whe pleas'd, my Master he is angry too, but faith I f him for it, for when he begins to chide, I get m out of doors, and come no more in that night.

Ka. *Youl serve me so I fear.*

Jo. Ay if you chide.

Ka. *In troth I shall chide you if you come hom drunk, for ime sure they that love drinking lov whoring.*

Jo. Thou shalt see what a husband 'ile be.

Ka. *I would I could once, but now* John *I sit up on thorns, my Mistriss will be very angry with me.*

Jo. So shall if you go [illegible] you must learn t humour me now.

Ka. *Dont hold my hand for I must be gone, yo cannot tell how humorsome she is, there chanc'a to b but one hair in the pudding tother day at table, bu she did maunder, I thought she would never hav been quiet. Ile tell you a good jest above a week ag she sent me to the Shoomaker for her new shooes, an because she had them not, she made a hundred wr faces at me, and sate fleering in her Looking-glas an hour or more, that I could not forbear laughing.*

Jo. She is horrible proud I believe, pox on he humour I am humoursome too.

Ka. *Pray dont hold me I must be gone.*

Jo. Come, come over boots over shoes, we'

s good make up the day now, & then one chiding will serve for all, I look for a storm too, but my Walter is pretty good natur'd if he ask me where have been, ile be plain to him, and tell him I have been with thee, ay, and bid him to our wedding too, he loves mirth.

Ka. *You do not think how impatient I am with staying Oh my Mistriss, my Mistriss.*

Jo. You shall have a Walter shortly worth ten of her, come stay a little, i'le sing thee a fine Song of my own making.

Ka. *I never knew you were a Poet before, let me hear it quickly.*

Jo. Love makes me very eloquent, I never had so much wit, as since I met with thee, I think it comes from thee to me.

Ka. *Perhaps so too, for i'm sure I never had so little as since I met with you I did wonder what was become of it.*

Jo. Thou hast enough still methinks, and that thou hast lent me, I will improve it if I can.

Kate. *What's your song then I shall judge.*

Jo. Come sweet Duck, I will begin, I made it the other day as I was in the Vault-house, & when I had done turning the Vault, I sat down and repeated it, and played the tune on my Flagellet, & methought it went so sweetly, it ravisht me.

Ka. *I would I could hear it.*

Jo. Hum, hum, hum.

Ka. *You'd best wet your whistle first, for I see the Pipes are stopt.*

Jo. I'll take thy councel, here's to thee *Katy.*

Ka. *I thank you John now pray begin.*

Jo. *Phillis* lov'd her *Corrydon.*
Phillis lov'd her *Corridon.*
So does *Katy* her dear *John.*
If I may believe her;
For which I ever will prove true.
And never will I leave her.
I have danc't with her full oft
I have danc't with her full oft
She gives me many kisses soft
And winks on me with pleasure.
She is my dear and only joy.
She is my greatest treasure.
If she will be rul'd by me
If she will be rul'd by me
Shortly married we will be
And live in mirth and gladness
For now we do but lose our time
And always live in sadness.
To her always will I prove
To her always will I prove
Constant as the Turtle Dove
In no wise i'll deceive her.
Till death us part
None has the art
Of my Love to bereave her

Ka.

Ka. *O brave John I see you think on me when you do not see me, I did not think indeed you had been so good a Schollar pray how long did you go to School.*

Jo. Not long, for I had more mind to go to plow and look after my Fathers Horses, then to learn my book, yet I was pretty apt, for by that time I was fourteen I could read the Psalter pretty well now *Katy* prethee do thou sing a song, and then we will part for this time.

Ka. *What song shall I sing, I know not.*

Jo. Any one will be sweet from thee.

Ka. *If you will not laugh at me, I will sing as well as I can, I promise you I was counted good at singing once but now I have forgot, love hath spoiled my voice*

Jo. Love mends it, prethee begin.

Ka. My love is to *New England* gone
And leaves me here a mourning,
There's nothing I can eat or drink,
I spend my time in groaning:
If he will but return to me.
I will shew him more kindness
I never will be coy no more,
For love tis a blindness.
If he will be but kind to me,
To please him ile be willing,
Ile wash his hands his shirts and hose,
And daily will I mend them.
And here shall he want money more.

For mine ile freely lend him,
Sweet George if thou knowest my heart,
Thou wouldst make haste unto me.
I do repent of what is past,
Thy absence doth undoe me.
God Cupid once more draw thy bow,
And wound his heart full sorely
For if he never come again
I shall live here but poorly.
Maidens all be ruld by me,
To true love be not slighting,
For rather then men will love such maids
They will go forth to fighting.
Then let all maids well spend their time,
And while they may go marry,
For if they stay till they grow stale
They may for ever tarry.

There's all John *now do you like it.*

Jo. Very well, a kind Lass ile warrant her, well I will not forbear thee to, ile stay & live with my love.

Ra. *Well let's go, in troth we shall go near to spoil our wedding with this dayes work, for certainly we shall both be soundly chidden.*

Jo. For my part I will begin with my master first and tell him that I am coming into the honourable estate of Matrimony, and that I hope he will grace my Wedding with his company, & if he storm at me, I will desire him to remember his own condition, & if it be an evil thing to marry, I will ask him

why

why his worſhip did ſet me ſuch an example? for he loved his wife ſo well that he doth adore the very thoughts of her, and ſo talks of her, that he made me almoſt mad to know what a wife was, ſure ſome hidden treaſure is in a married life, becauſe every one ſtrives to be of that rank.

Ka. I *believe ſo too, or elſe ſo many would not deſire it, Maids are only made much of by young men, and if they be too kind they are laught at, but married folks are accepted of in all company; and invited to Weddings, Chriſtnings, Goſſipings, Burials, & to all merry meetings, which pleaſe me well.*

Jo. I hope they ſhall come a Goſſiping to thee ſhortly, and by that time I ſhall look ſoberly, and bid the women welcome, what doſt bluſh at it?

Ka. *It would make one bluſh to hear you talk?*

Jo. Well, what wilt thou ſay to thy Miſtriſs?

Ka. *My beſt way is to let her chide ſo long as ſhe pleaſes, and then ile confeſs my ſelf in a fault & ask pardon, and then ſhe will be pleaſed again.*

Jo. Thou haſt a great deal of patience, I commend thee for it, I hope thou wilt have ſome with me.

Ka. *We muſt bear with one another, but if we diſpleaſe a Maſter or Miſtriſs, ſome are ſo crabed, they will turn one out of doors, but if we be angry one with another, we muſt be friends again, when my Miſtriſs hath ſpoken all her mind, and is again in a good humour, then I will make her my Councellour*

and

and bid her to my Wedding, for she loves one should trust her with secrets: the mischief is, I know not how to go in first of all, had I but made a bargain I would not care, and now it is dark, I fear I shall lose my way.

Jo. Well I will go with thee now, I cannot be seen, and if she falls out foul with thee, call me and ile take thy part, for thou shalt not be a slave to her, no marry shalt thou not.

Ka. If goody Sho hath not milkt my kine, it will be worse, I wish she have, I would have bid her do so if I had known I should have staid so long.

Jo. Let's reckon what is to pay; let me see, we have had three Cakes and four Pots of Ale, and two Pipes of Tobacco, that's fifteen pence.

Ka. We must not use to spend so much in an Ale-house.

Jo. The best bargains are made there & I hope thee and I have made a good one.

Ka. I should be sorry else.

Jo. I would it were sealed once.

Ka. All in good time.

Jo. Host good buy to you. Homeward.

Host. You are welcome Sir,

Jo. Give me thy hand prethee.

Ka, My heart doth ake I know not what to do.

Jo. Pluck it up woman do not fear.

Ka. I would I were out of this slavery.

Jo. 'Tis but four months and thou shalt, how plea-

leasant it is to walk with thee, though in the dark.

Ka. I pitty your journey home, but I shall never trouble you again for such another, well now John God buy to you, remember all things, order your matter wisely, and not forget to send me word, for I shall long to hear, I shall look for you every minute to morrow in the evening, and if you deceive me, you will break my heart.

Jo. Fear not, if it Rains Cats and Dogs I will come.

Ka. That's true love indeed, I shall go about my work so merrily if my Mistris will but forgive me this one fault, that I shall not feel the ground I go on, oh what it is to be pleased, God be with you good John.

Jo. God be with you sweet one, my Duck my dear, my Pig's-ny, when we do meet to morrow, we will conclude all more firmly; here, take my heart and a hundred kisses besides with it, and keep them till I see thee.

Ka. I cannot see neither.

Jo. They are only felt my dear, once more, far thee well, heavens favour me as I prove true to thee.

Kate speaks to her self as she goes home; My poor John, how loving has he been to me this day; I am heartily sorry I snapt him up so, surely he was innocent, must I be married suddenly and be called good *Lawrence*. I shall then hardly know my self, my dear John, what a many pretty charming words he

he had for me, & what a fine song he made him-self of me, surely I shall not sleep till I do hear how our business goes forward, neither do I be-leive will he, for love is a terrible thing.

It wounds the heart it breaks the brain,
It makes one alwaps live in pain. Lor. End.

John talkes to himself as he goes, what a joyful day this hath been; If I could but recount every days action to be so good, surely then I should, without doubt, get to Heaven in a short space, let me but reckon up what I have done to day; I have seen my dear love to day, & made my peace with her, and have gotten her consent to marry, and we have appointed the very time, and have contrived all things to my hearts content, that I could even leap for joy, poor heart, she was almost jealous of me, but now I have fully satisfied her, and shortly all fears will vanish away from us, I will have a special care for the future how to order things, & surely be with her to morrow in the evening, for fear I should anger her again, for she doth look so pretily when she smiles, that it is a thousand pit-ties that ever she should be displeased any more.

Well my dear *Katy*, I must think on my master now, and study what to say to him for my long ab-sence from him, therefore my dear *Katy* I must forbear the sweet thoughts of thee for a season.

Farewell a while, to thee my Love adieu,
To thee, dear Kate, *I will for ay prove true.*

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